

MADMEN WHO RIDE BIKES.

The Wheel Is Being Successfully Used as a Cure for Insanity.

Bicycle riding as a cure for insanity is the latest novel idea of science. At the Asylum for the Insane in Middletown, N. Y., there is the oddest bicycle school in existence, the riders in which are the most peculiar in the world, for all of them are demented people. Here is what the medical superintendent, Dr. Seldon H. Talcott, an eminent insanity expert, has to say of the new idea:

To W. H. Hearst, New York Journal:

That lunatics should be schooled in the art of bicycle riding may seem strange and even remarkable to persons who have not made a study of insane people. But to the medical expert, who understands the beneficial qualities of healthful and mild exercise, who realizes that there are certain forms of insanity where the patient has in many respects as perfect ideas as people entirely sane, the knowledge of insane bicyclists can cause no great astonishment.

Every day pupils are taught to ride a wheel, to mount in the most approved fashion, to dismount, and to ride in correct position, all under the trained eye and steady hand of able assistants and clever riders. And as all the people are insane they must naturally be the strangest sort of riders to be seen in the world.

It must not be imagined, however, that they are seen by everybody, for, as a matter of fact, the bicycle riders here are excluded from a thousand times more than in the highest place of instruction that can be found among the people entirely sane. For it is for health, and not for show, that our patients are instructed, and, naturally, the methods employed for earlier instruction and later riding are of the most proper nature. So beneficial have the results been that there is little question that eventually the bicycle must be introduced as a permanent feature of every institution for the insane in the country.

The patients receive their bicycle instruction on the pleasant grounds of the institution. It is an ideal place for riders, for, instead of a stuffy, indoor place, artificially lighted and enclosed from the free air, here we have delightful walks, waving grasses and flower beds, with the breeze swept by the most salubrious breezes. Health comes not only with the exercise of the wheel, but with the associated calm.

The popular idea of cycling in the asylum must naturally be an entirely incorrect one, and certain ideas cannot be too quickly corrected. From the very nature of the exercise it can be realized that, if it is to be beneficial, the mind, even that of an insane person, must be in a tranquil state. Therefore, only the convalescent and the quiet patients can be permitted to ride with any hope of benefit.

Then, too, there are some patients who have some half-formed idea that they are imprisoned and who are ever alert to escape the watchful eye of their attendant. These, of course, could not be permitted such facility for locomotion as a bicycle. It is for cases of depression, or moderate mental weakness, that the bicycle offers a stimulation and an encouragement to the renewal of health.

If people generally were permitted to see the bicycle instruction which is given to our insane and did not know that the riders were mentally unbalanced, it is possible that many of them would leave with the idea that they had witnessed instruction given to ordinary riders, under the most favorable conditions, in an academy of the most perfect sort.

There are the usual expressions of disappointment over failures, the customary sounds of merriment at the falls and futile efforts of others and the conventional signs of delight at the accomplishment of effort. But beneath the surface there is the serious side, seen here and nowhere else. For the instructors are the keepers, who not only watch every turn of the wheel, but whose eyes constantly regard the rider without appearing to do so.

These attendants must not only regard every action of the rider to put him in the way of mastering the instruction, but every move to see that no wrong idea is created in the mind of the patient, which would in the slightest degree detract from his convalescence or work against the strengthening of his mental condition. The insane are very much like children. They are sometimes obstinate and self-willed, and they easily lose their self-control; but under the stimulus of a fascinating pleasure they become docile, and are quite easily managed.

The use of the bicycle in the institution has created a new era in that institution. It has given birth to another idea. Recently we arranged a trolley party for the patients. A line of electric cars runs from the grounds through the city of Middletown, through Midway Park and eight miles into Goshen. The bicycle riding patients, under the care of their attendants, have made this trip without mishap, so that we decided to take a trolley party on that trip.

A large car was placed at our disposal capable of seating seventy persons, and this was placed in charge of a motorman who was a former employee of this institution, and who was thoroughly familiar with the habits and tendencies of the patients. Then we had one attendant for every ten patients. In the course of the day several carloads were sent on the trip, and the rushing car, bounding over the tracks, gave the patients the same feeling as though they were on a bicycle.

In connection with the bicycle training for the patients it seems proper to state that while the insane are recuperating they may enjoy all the comforts and pleasures which naturally fall to the lot of sane people who are reasonably prosperous. The fact is, the difference between the sane and the insane is sometimes not easily discernible, even to those who have made the most careful study of mental disorders. The more we treat the insane as if they were sane people, the more successful we may be in effecting the restoration of mental equilibrium.

SELDON H. TALCOTT,
Medical Superintendent.

QUEEREST JAG ON RECORD.

It Belongs to a Whiskey Drunkard Who Never Moistens His Throat.

Thomas Jackson, who a few months ago came to Atlanta, Ga., from Canada, is the queerest drunkard that ever capitulated to John Barleycorn.

Jackson is a genuine drunkard, not one of the usual kind who calls for a cocktail and slowly drinks it down. Instead, he walks into a barroom and after carefully calling for whiskey, leisurely mixes it with water, as is usually done. Suddenly, however, the bystanders notice that he does not proceed to drink it in the accustomed way.

First he pulls his shirt slightly open in front; then, taking a little glass funnel from his pocket, he inserts it in a rubber tube, which the opening shows protruding from an incision in his stomach. This accomplished, the glass of whiskey is emptied down the funnel.

It is true that Jackson once imbibed and ate after the manner of men. But an accident rendered his throat almost useless, and his love of drink has kept him from the cure which was almost his, and which forever afterward would have cured his little funnel into disuse. This is his story:

For years he suffered from attacks of indigestion, and consequently kept a certain medicine always on hand to alleviate his pain at such times. A year ago, while residing in Canada, his roommate, who was an engraver, one night brought home a bottle of nitric acid to aid him in some work. This bottle was placed upon the mantel, beside that containing the medicine used by Jackson.

Unfortunately, that night an attack of his old trouble caused the latter to get up in search of his medicine. In the darkness he swallowed, instead, a large amount of the nitric acid, which left a burning pathway down his throat. In the course of

time the wound caused by it healed, but he could only take liquid nourishment. He consumed one hour in drinking two-thirds of a glass of milk. After a year of this sort of thing he went to Atlanta and entered the Grady Hospital for treatment.

One of the visiting surgeons performed a successful operation, as a result of which a rubber tube was inserted into the stomach, thus enabling the man to feed himself with liquids in this way by the aid of a funnel. In a short while Jackson's throat was somewhat relaxed, owing to its not being used, and for the first time since the accident the surgeon was able to insert a slender instrument down the patient's throat. His purpose was to repeat this operation every few days, increasing each time the size of the instrument, until a permanent opening should be established.

Of course, during this time, though it was necessary for Jackson to be located at the hospital, he was allowed to go about the city. In these wanderings his old thirst for drink caused him one day to enter a saloon, and, promising his throat better treatment in a few weeks, to the amazement of the bystanders, as has been described, he poured his whiskey through the tube into his stomach. When Jackson left the saloon he was in a frame of mind calculated to make him rather careless, noisy and happy.

This was repeated so often that the hospital authorities made Jackson leave, just as the treatment of his throat was about to become successful. When last heard from he was in Mississippi, where the curiosity of others to witness his strange method of imbibing was keeping him in a perpetual state of intoxication.

ALCOHOL TO THE FRONT.

It is Quite Likely That It Will Be Generally Substituted for Petroleum in Lamps.

In France, Belgium and Germany experiments are being made with a view to the use of alcohol instead of petroleum in lamps. Alcohol burns with a bluish-yellow flame which is hardly visible, but the flame has a great heat, and it is proposed to utilize this property for the production of a strong light, on the principle of incandescent gas, by using special burners which will become incandescent.

Experiments made with one of the ordinary incandescent burners now in use, fitted to a lamp filled with alcohol, much under "proof," have given the most satisfactory results, and show that the consumption of alcohol for a given candle power is only half that of petroleum, and that the air remains more pure. Of course the duty on alcohol makes it dearer, but the production of a common alcohol, of a nature which would prevent fraud and be free from duty, is being placed in France, and there is great probability that alcohol lamps will be seen on the market some distant day.

How Mr. Chas. Oelrichs Will Entertain Newport as a Human Fish.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 5.—The greatest angling event that Newport has ever witnessed or talked of is going to take place September 7, or very soon afterward.

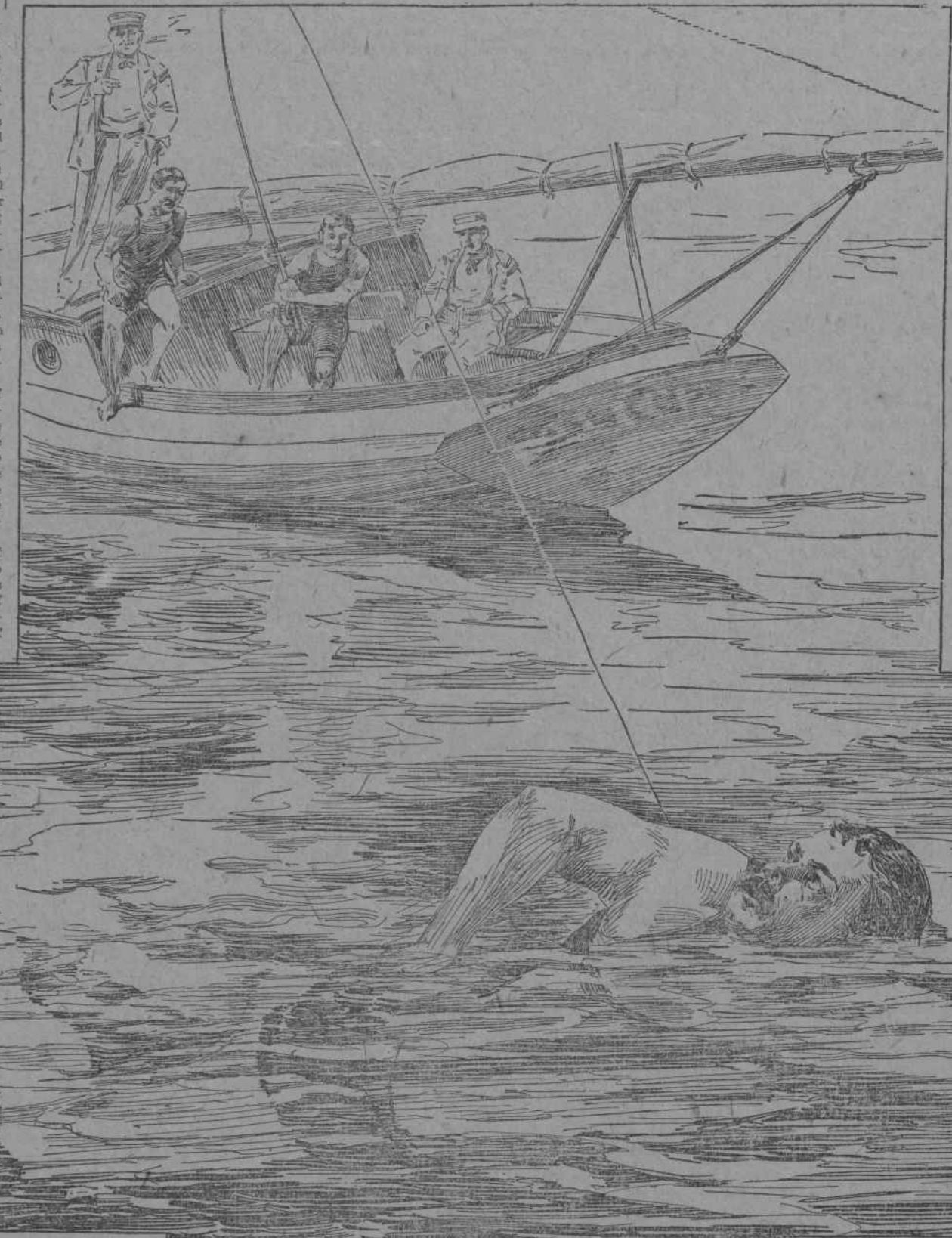
Charles Oelrichs, whom everybody in New York and Newport knows, is to be the fish, and Isaac Townsend the fisherman. Mr. Oelrichs will be at the end of fifty yards of line attached to a tarpon reel. Townsend, in an anchored boat, will hold the reel and do his best to bring Mr. Oelrichs within reaching distance.

fish record, and the record of a tarpon at that, is something that cannot be enjoyed every day and never has been before.

There are several gentlemen here who know how it is to be fished for and to fish. In fact, a number of persons who are taking an active part in the arrangement of this affair are openly said to have had several angling adventures in Wall Street. Then, however, tarpon wasn't exactly the variety of fish they were seeking. Quite a number of preliminary experi-

made, Dr. White acting as fish. He furnished sport for a distinguished trio of fishermen—O. H. P. Belmont, Theodore Havemeyer and Jimmy Kernochan. In spite of the great strength all three are credited with in New York financial circles, the best any of them could do with Dr. White was to bring him within one hundred feet of the boat after working for thirty-eight minutes.

The hour and the day when this event of the season is to take place are no more



PRACTISING FOR THE FISHING MATCH NEXT MONDAY.

All this is the result of Mr. Oelrichs' defying Mr. Townsend to "pull him in" as he would a huge tarpon. It was agreed that Mr. Oelrichs should place a belt about his chest and back, just clearing the arm pits. To the back of this belt a stout ring is to be attached, and one end of a line fifty yards long made fast to ring. The other end will be wound about a tarpon reel in the hands of Mr. Townsend.

If Mr. Oelrichs prefers, he can wear an arrangement of straps on his head that looks something like the mask of a baseball catcher. Attached to these straps, just over where the "soft spot" is located on a baby's head, is a little iron ring just like the one fastened to the belt. Either, not both, the belt or the head straps, can be worn by the swimmer.

This contest of strength is to take place off Bailey's Beach, where ultra-fashionable Newport enjoys its daily dip. The boat that is to contain Mr. Townsend and his muscle will be anchored five hundred feet off shore. Mr. Oelrichs can disport as he lists, or, rather, to the extent his 150 feet of line and Mr. Townsend's manipulation thereof admit.

The contest is limited in time to thirty minutes. If, during that time, Mr. Oelrichs is not pulled sufficiently near the boat so that he could be gaffed and landed as if he were a real tarpon, Mr. Townsend must admit that he is defeated, that as a fisher of men he is not a success.

Even the Whitney-Vanderbilt wedding did not rouse Newport curiosity in so great a degree as this contest. After all, that was only two persons being married, and people are married every day, even though the ceremony is not protracted so briefly in attendance. To see a man try to beat the

ments have been made. Friday of this week Hermann Oelrichs, Charles Oelrichs' brother, and Dr. J. W. White, the eminent Philadelphia surgeon, put on their bathing suits and tried to be fish. Sam Powell, just played the role of fisherman. Mr. Oelrichs and Dr. White, in turn, attached lines to themselves after the manner prescribed, and Mr. Powell stood on Bailey's Beach diving float and devoted ten minutes to each one in a vain effort to bring them within gaffing distance. Mr. Powell is something of an athlete. Both Hermann Oelrichs and Dr. White have plenty of muscle. Mr. Powell's pull was not strong enough. Neither would budge unless he took a dollar to do so.

This morning there was another trial. This time the arrangements were about as they will be when the great contest takes place, and Charles Oelrichs was the fish. Sam Powell held the reel. Such pulling and hauling as was seen would have been creditable to the smartest salmon man that ever ran, "Heave away, my jolly boys!"

Mr. Oelrichs was not in the pink of condition. Mr. Powell was. That is why, despite his dives and rushes, and jumps and pulls, Mr. Oelrichs was forced within one hundred feet of the anchored boat at the end of the twenty minutes during which the struggle lasted.

Later on the second trial of the day was

definitely known than has been previously stated. Charles Oelrichs is the arbiter, for the fixing of the time is entirely in his hands.

If at 9 a. m. he decides the best time will be 11 o'clock that morning, all he has to do is to notify Mr. Townsend, who has agreed to be ready at any time. There is no lack of confidence on either side. Mr. Oelrichs and his friends are intensely anxious when the hour comes.

The electric light plant is large enough to supply light to a dozen small cities. A telephone system connects every point of the shaft with a great central exchange above ground.

A network of wires stretches into the headquarters of the fire department near the opening of the big hole. Thousands of dollars have been spent to bring every part of the shaft within easy communication of the surface in case of a fire.

The buildings above the shaft loom up as big as those of some small cities, while the machinery would be sufficient to run half the street railway systems of New York.

WORDS PEOPLE SPEAK.

The Educated Person Who Talks English Well Uses About 2,000.

Few people realize how limited are their vocabularies, despite the many thousand words in the English language. It is said that a person of education generally gets along very comfortably with a vocabulary of less than two thousand different words. On the other hand, uneducated people manage to express their ideas all their lives with the use of but a few hundred words, repeating one or two of these, however, a great many times.

A recent experiment proves how apt our minds are to run in grooves. Twenty-five men and twenty-five women students in a psychology class were bidden to write down at full speed one hundred words, all chosen at random. They did so, with the curious result that out of the total 5,000 words there were only 1266 which occurred but once, 3,000 of the remainder being repetitions of 738 words. Of the 1,266 written only once, 740 were set down by the men, against 520 by the women. Of the 353 articles of dress enumerated 224 were found in the women's papers, while of the 237 articles of food they claimed 179. Clearly they were not new women, or their range would have been wider.

NEW POCKET TELEPHONE.

It Works to a Charm and is a Great Aid to the Policeman.

A pocket telephone for policemen is one of the recent inventions. Over in England it is in general use, and has been found very satisfactory. The telephone consists of a combined mouthpiece and earpiece, with about a foot or more of wire attached, an affixing pin and a small key. This apparatus is to be used by the officers in connection with the fire alarm placed at various parts of a city.

Instead of breaking the pane of glass in case of a fire occurring in the neighborhood, as an ordinary individual would have to do, the policeman opens the door with his key, places the affixing pin in a socket provided for it, and is in direct communication with the fire department.

A HOLE A MILE DEEP.

The Deepest Hole in Mother Earth Tells Some Interesting New Facts.

A hole in the ground a mile deep! This is the deepest hole that has ever been dug in the earth, is in the shaft of the Red Jacket copper mine, at Calumet, Mich. This hole, now nearing completion after seven years' work, has great scientific interest, because it tells us some things subterranean which we didn't know.

Observers ascending to great heights in balloons have secured data of importance regarding meteorological conditions, and underground observations made at the depth of a mile are not less valuable.

The Red Jacket shaft deserves to rank as one of the wonders of the modern world. It is a brilliant bit of engineering. The Eiffel Tower created a sensation because of its prodigious height, and yet this Calumet hole in the ground could hold five Eiffel towers dropped in one after another.

It had all along been thought that such a depth as the bottom of the Red Jacket shaft would have had a temperature that would boil an egg. This has been found not to be the case, however. Careful tests at the bottom have proved that the normal temperature at a mile below the earth is only 87.6 degrees Fahrenheit, about a fair August average in New York. At a depth of 105 feet, the temperature was but 50 degrees. It is believed that experiments now underway will prove to what depth the earth could be penetrated before the heat would be unbearable to a human being.

Another remarkable fact is that the water found at the bottom of the shaft is most corrosive to the human body. The workmen have been compelled to wear heavy rubber boots, rubber coats and masks to protect themselves.

Besides being the deepest hole that has ever been dug, the Red Jacket shaft is a most interesting underground city. The

TO LIVE LIFE BACKWARD.

Science Will, It Is Said, Be Apparently Able to Reverse Nature.

Nature to be reversed; the beginning made the end, and the end the beginning. This is said to be the astonishing result of a French savant's wonderful idea, which is now the reigning sensation of Paris and which will be shown by a scientist in this city during the coming winter.

Professor Querout, who is a leading member of the French Academy, is the miracle maker who is thus turning the world topsy-turvy by causing all existing forms of life to go backward and finally disappear.

The principal agent used by the scientist, in his optical demonstrations of the gradual retrogression of objects from completeness to oblivion are the camera and kinetoscope.

As all the world by this time knows, the principle of the kinetoscope is the rapid presentation of a series of photographs which deceive the eye into thinking they are one continuous moving picture. Professor Querout wondered what would happen if the same series were presented backward, which was easily accomplished by turning the machine that fed the photographic film in the opposite direction. He did so, and immediately was impressed with the result.

The eye of man, and beast since the beginning has been trained to follow every act and motion as it progressed, and to be suddenly called upon to follow those same movements in the opposite direction is like attempting to read backward without any experience. We know each letter and word, but the reigning order of things is reversed and an unnatural task set. And yet the eye records the impression when the kinetoscope is reversed, but the images flashed on the retina and conveyed by the optic nerve to the brain puzzle that organ.

One of the most interesting portions of the coming scientific exposition consists in showing the gradual reversal of the life of a flowered plant. The spectator is astonished to see the fruit gradually turn into flowers, the flowers to buds, the buds slowly change themselves into leaves and the leaves close, getting smaller and smaller, disappearing, and finally the stem shrinks shorter and shorter, until the earth closes over it and it is lost to view.

A little later spectators will rub their eyes and pinch themselves to find if they are awake when they see some one take up an empty glass and, after swallowing, replace it full upon the table. Then will come a smoker who takes the stump of a cigar into his mouth, sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it into his mouth and into the cigar, which gradually lengthens until it resumes its original form, when it is finally replaced in the pocket.

Next a wrestler who has doffed his clothes, is clothed again, while he is performing motions which seem to mean nothing, as the spectator has never before seen these most ordinary motions performed backward.

A man seated at a table before an empty plate is seen laying bit after bit of chicken on a plate, until the fowl becomes whole again on the dish before him. The vegetables in the side dishes are also replaced, and finally a complete meal is in plain evidence.

In taking up the portrayal of the life of a man from age to babyhood some difficulty was experienced by the experimenter in securing a complete set of likenesses of the subject, since photography is of such comparatively recent origin. After much research a subject was found who, coming from a family of means, was able to supply the portraits and sketches of himself covering the period of his life previous to the discoveries of Daguerre.

The man was on the brink of the grave from the wear of years, but was enabled to apparently live over again a life longer than that usually allotted to his kind. From utter helplessness he saw himself gradually restored to the baleness of a man in middle age, then to young manhood, to youth and to happy childhood, and last to a cooling baby in his mother's arms. Here the drama closed and the curtain was drawn.

When this life series was shown by Professor Querout to the Academy of Sciences the analogy of the plant's life to that of the human being at once suggested itself. If this reversal of nature could be as fully shown in material things, if the life of man could be portrayed from the grave to the cradle, why, asked the scientist, might not some process be discovered by which the child-life could be traced back into the infantine whence it springs?

This suggestion, with its possibilities of solving the greatest problem of all, was adopted by the scientists, and experiments were at once begun. The method of reversing the visible existence of material things, thanks to M. Querout, has really been reached, and now experiments are in progress whose object is laying bare to mankind the very essence of human life, the vagrant journeys of the soul. It is the present intention to master the last idea and show it for the first time to New York.

A SCREW PROJECTILE.

Has Greater Accuracy of Light and Penetrating Power Than Others.

The latest idea in projectiles is the screw, and it is claimed it has both greater accuracy of flight and penetrating power than all other sorts. The entire body of the projectile is formed of two twisted threads or blades; that is to say, its shape is similar to what would be obtained by the twisting of a riband of metal upon its own axis, thereby producing a body without any cylindrical centre, and somewhat in the form of a portion of a twisted angel or twist drill.

The projectile may be formed as a solid shot, or with a central, longitudinal cavity for the explosive, to enable it to be used as a shell. The periphery or edges of the threads or blades may be made smooth to enable the projectile to be thrown free a smooth-bore gun; or the projectile may be provided with soft metal studs or projections on the edges of the threads or blades to fit into the grooves of a rifled gun. The threads are covered off at the fore end of the projectile to facilitate the action of it, latter both in passing through the air and in penetration.